DELL COMIC

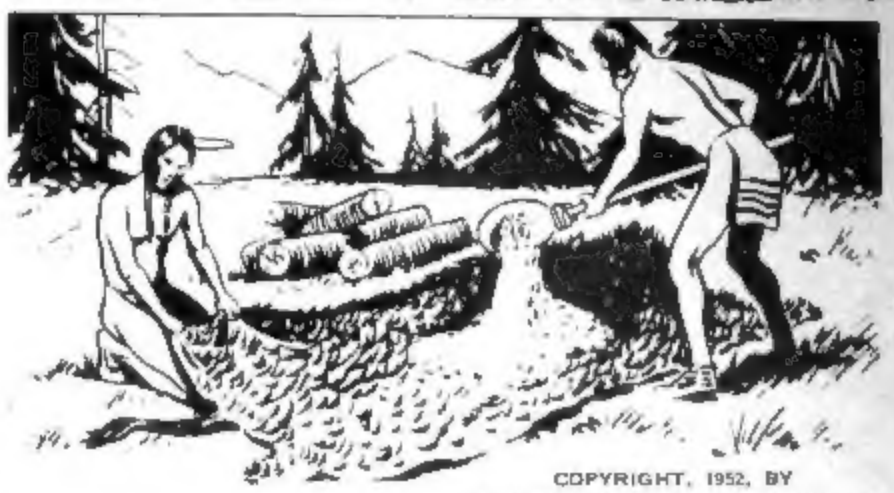
JAN.-MAR.

10¢

LITTLE BEAVER

Indian Meat Hole

Remains of Indian meat holes may still be found along the rivers in the West. These holes were huge underground ovens, each large enough so that an entire buffalo could be cooked in it. The hole, waist-deep to a tall brave, was dug in fresh earth. Small boulders were then heated until they were nearly white, and placed in the bottom of the hole. The white-hot stones were quickly covered with a foot-thick layer of green boughs, freshly cut from wild chokecherry trees.



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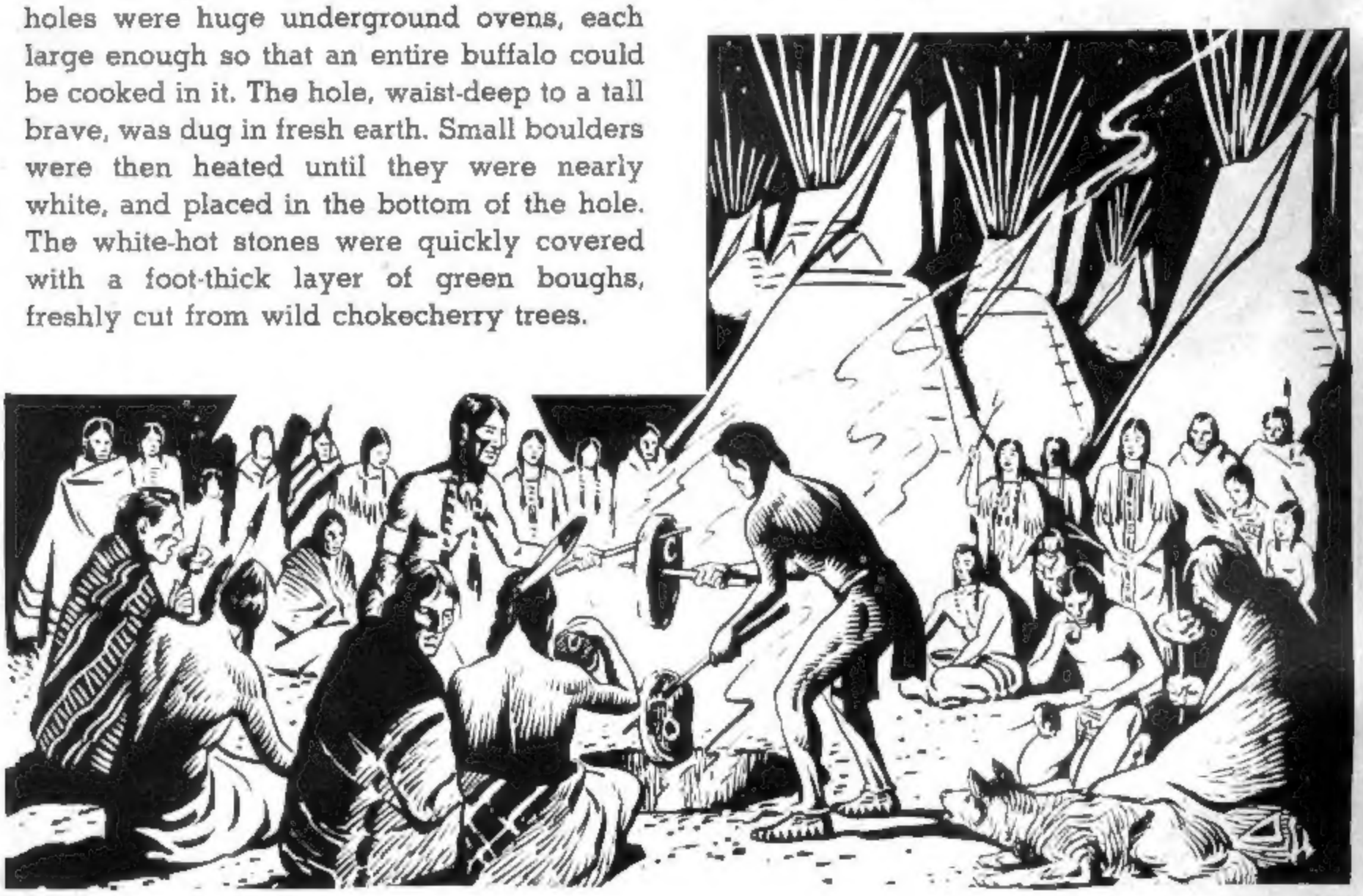
Thick chunks of buffalo meat were spread on the layer of boughs and sprinkled with water. Another layer of boughs covered the meat, followed by another layer of water-sprinkled meat until the hole was filled. The Indians then covered their meat hole with the buffalo's hide, flesh-side down. A layer of gravel was spread over the hide, and on the gravel a log fire was kindled. This fire was kept burning for a night and a day. Then the feast was ready.



LITTLE BEAVER, No. 8, Jan.-Mar., 1953. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Application for second class entry applied for at the Post Office at New York, New York. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscriptions in U.S.A. 40 cents per year; foreign subscriptions 70 cents per year; Canadian subscriptions 40c per year. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. Copyright, 1952, by Stephen Slesinger. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co., by arrangement with the Hawley Publications, Incorporated.

LITTLE BEAVER

FRED HARMAN

HA!! LOOK-UM, PO-KO! PEOPLE FROM TOWN DUMP JUNK HERE!

UGH! MAKE-UM HEAP UGLY MESS BY PRETTY RIVER!

OH, WELL, RIVER WASH-UM ALL AWAY NEXT SPRING! COME ON, WE HUNT IN JUNK, MAYBE FIND-UM SOMETHING WE NEED.

ME NO NEED-UM ANYTHING FROM DIRTY OL' JUNK PILE!

COME ON, LITTLE BEAVER! NO WASTE-UM TIME HERE!

AI-EE! THIS CATUMLOG GOT PICTURES HEAP NICE THINGS! COME LOOK-UM!

GOT-UM PICTURE TIN HORNS, DRUMS, BEADS, PRETTY BANGLES, POP-GUNS! ME WISH ME HAD-UM!

HUH? LET ME SEE-UM!

OW!

HA! YA!

LITTLE BEAVER! YOU WISH FOR PRETTY THINGS AND WISH COME-UM TRUE! IT BE MAGIC!

NOT MAGIC! IT BE HAPPY BEAR UP ON BANK!

LB 8-531

HAPPY BEAR! WHY YOU THROW-UM AWAY TOYS?

WAGH! ME NO SEE YOU DOWN THERE!

ULP!

RUN, PO-KO! NOW HAPPY BEAR THROW-UM SELF AWAY!

OH, ME! TOO MUCH TROUBLE COME TO HAPPY BEAR! BUY PRESENTS FOR PRETTY-ON-TOP, AND SHE NO WANT! ME SIT HERE NOW AND DIE!

IF YOU GONNA DIE, MAYBE YOU GIVE-UM TOYS TO PO-KO AND ME FIRST!

NO, PRESENTS STAY HERE AND DIE WITH HAPPY BEAR!

HUSH UP, LITTLE BEAVER! HAPPY BEAR NOT GONNA DIE! HE OUR FRIEND AND HE TELL-UM TROUBLES TO US! WE HELP-UM!

NO GOOD TELL TROUBLES! YOU TOO YOUNG! NO UNDERSTAND!

UMPH! THAT WHAT YOU THINK! COME ON, LITTLE BEAVER! WE GO HOME! IF HAPPY BEAR GIVE-UM UP SO EASY, HIM NOT WORTH HELP-UM!

ME NO UNDERSTAND SQUAWS! FIRST, YOU GONNA HELP-UM HAPPY BEAR... NOW YOU LEAVE-UM!

HURRY-UM UP! ME GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

ME KNOW WHAT MAKE HAPPY BEAR SAD! HIM WANT-UM MARRY CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, PRETTY-ON-TOP, AND SHE NO HAVE HIM!

BUT WHY THAT MAKE-UM HIM SAD?

HOO! YOU TOO YOUNG UNDERSTAND SUCH THINGS, LITTLE BEAVER! BUT WE MUST HELP-UM HAPPY BEAR OR PRETTY-ON-TOP MARRY WRONG MAN!

AI-YI! THIS KIND TALK MAKE-UM MY HEAD BUZZ! WHO IS WRONG MAN?

THAT BE WRONG MAN OVER THERE! HIM COME VISIT OUR VILLAGE TWO MOONS AGO! HIM MAKE-UM PRETTY-ON-TOP FORGET ALL ABOUT HAPPY BEAR!

YOU MEAN PRETTY-ON-TOP WANT-UM MARRY DRAGGING EAGLE?!! WHY, HIM BIGGEST BOASTER IN WHOLE COUNTRY! HIM BIG SHOW-OFF!

SURE! BUT HIM HEAP HANDSOME, TOO!

OH, WELL! IT NO BUSINESS OF OURS!

THAT WHAT YOU THINK! HOW YOU LIKE HAVE-UM DRAGGING EAGLE LIVE IN OUR VILLAGE, ALL THE TIME MAKE-UM BIG TALK AND SHOW-UM OFF?

AI! ME NOT THINK-UM 'BOUT THAT! WHAT WE GONNA DO?

THAT BE EASY!

WHEN PRETTY-ON-TOP FIND-UM OUT DRAGGING EAGLE JUST EMPTY WINDBAG, SHE MARRY HAPPY BEAR!

SURE! BUT HOW SHE GONNA FIND-UM OUT?

UGH! ME TURN-UM DOWN THIS JOB!

THAT BE UP TO YOU! YOU HEAP SMART INDIAN BOY!

BUT YOU WANT-UM HELP OUR FRIEND, HAPPY BEAR, LITTLE BEAVER? MAYBE THEN HE GIVE-UM YOU TOYS HE THROW AWAY!

NO! LITTLE BEAVER GONNA MIND-UM OWN BUSINESS THIS TIME!

ME..NOT GET-UM MIXED UP... HA! WAIT-UM MINUTE!

OW!

ME GOT-UM IDEA HOW TO MAKE DRAGGING EAGLE LOOK HEAP SILLY!

ME KNOW ALL THE TIME YOU THINK-UM UP PLAN, LITTLE BEAVER!

WHAT YOU GONNA DO?

DRAGGING EAGLE HEAP STRONG, HEAP FAST RUNNER, HEAD GOOD RIDER, BUT MAYBE NOT SO GOOD AT SHOOT-UM BOW AND ARROW!

LOOK, DRAGGING EAGLE! ME GOT-UM GAME TO PLAY WITH YOU!

HO! DRAGGING EAGLE PLAY ANY GAME! ALWAYS WIN!

THIS GAME YOU NOT WIN-UM! ME BEST IN WHOLE VILLAGE!

HAI-EE! SIX ARROWS IN THE AIR AT ONCE!

YOU BETTER GIVE-UM UP, DRAGGING EAGLE!

LITTLE BEAVER PLENTY GOOD AT THIS GAME!

POOH! IN MY VILLAGE, EVEN SQUAWS DO BETTER! NOW WATCH DRAGGING EAGLE AND LEARN HOW!

THIS BOW NOT MUCH GOOD, OR ME DO EVEN BETTER!

HAI! TEN ARROWS!

LOOK! DRAGGING EAGLE MAKE ARROWS COME DOWN IN SAME PLACE! NOBODY ELSE CAN DO THIS!

YOU PLENTY GOOD, DRAGGING EAGLE!

SURE! ME PLENTY GOOD! COME, PRETTY-ON-TOP! WE TALK TO YOUR FATHER! ME GIVE SIXTEEN PONIES AND WE GET MARRIED!

AI! ME LIKE-UM THAT! ME LUCKY GIRL!

DING BUST-UM! ME TRY TO MAKE FOOL OF DRAGGING EAGLE AND HE MAKE-UM FOOL OF ME!

YOU NO FEEL BAD, LITTLE BEAVER! YOU DO-UM BEST!

HAPPY BEAR! WE THOUGHT YOU GONNA SIT BY RIVER AND DIE!

TOO SLOW! ME COME BACK TO GET RIFLE AND DO FAST JOB!

ME GET-UM BEAT BY DRAGGING EAGLE IN ARROW-SHOOT! ME FEEL LIKE WANT-UM DIE, TOO!

YES! ME WATCH YOU! DRAGGING EAGLE TOO GOOD FOR US!

ME PRACTICE WITH POP-GUN SO DO GOOD JOB!

YOU HEAP SILLY, HAPPY BEAR! SHOOT-UM SELF OVER ONE GIRL!

ME NOT SILLY, PO-KO! DRAGGING EAGLE RIDE BETTER THAN ANYBODY, RUN FASTER, SHOOT STRAIGHTER! HIM DO EVERYTHING BETTER, BUT HIM NOT BRAVER THAN HAPPY BEAR! ME SHOW PRETTY-ON-TOP ME NOT AFRAID TO DIE!

HMPH! WHAT GOOD THAT DO YOU, HAPPY BEAR?

HAI! NOW ME GOT REAL GOOD IDEA! THIS TIME ME REALLY FIX-UM BIG WINDBAG, DRAGGING EAGLE!

YOU WAIT THERE AND NO SHOOT-UM SELF, HAPPY BEAR! YOU GONNA GET LAST CHANCE!

THIS POP-UM GUN NOT GOOD FOR MUCH, BUT ME TURN INTO PLENTY DANGEROUS WEAPUM!

SNAP!

NOW ME FILL POP-UM GUN BARREL WITH MUD AND MAKE-UM STRING SHORTER, AND IT LOOK LIKE STICK OF DYNAMITE!

SNAP

NOW ME LIGHT STRING IN COUNCIL FIRE WHEN NOBODY LOOK, AND PUT-UM MAKE-BELIEVE DYNAMITE IN RIGHT PLACE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY LIGHT-UM STICK-UM DYNAMITE BY CHIEF'S HOUSE!

DYNAMITE! YI!

HAI-YAI! RUN FOR HILLS!

WAIT, PRETTY-ON-TOP INSIDE THAT HOUSE WITH HER FATHER AND DRAGGING EAGLE!

HUH?

TOO LATE SAVE-UM NOW! RUN! RUN!

DYNAMITE! DO SOMETHING QUICK OR IT BLOW UP!

WHOOEE! RUN FOR-UM LIFE!

DRAGGING EAGLE TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

BE BRAVE! ME SAVE-UM YOU!

ME SMOTHER DYNAMITE! YOU GET BACK!

HUH! THAT NOT STICK OF DYNAMITE!

ME SMELL RAT! THIS BARREL FROM POPGUN!

JUST THE SAME, YOU BRAVEST MAN ME EVER SEE! YOU MY HERO!

LOOK-UM, LITTLE BEAVER! PRETTY-ON-TOP GIVE HAPPY BEAR BIG KISS!

ME NOT CARE FOR WATCH-UM LOVEY-DOVEY STUFF! ME ENJOY THIS VIEW MORE, YOU BETCH-UM!

LITTLE BEAVER

PROP. SILAS SNOPES

CURIO SHOP

STORE

by FRED HARMAN

AI! COME ON, PO-KO, MR. SNOPES HAVE-UM FIGHT WITH TALL BULL!

HOLD ON NOW, FELLERS... LET'S GIT T' THE BOTTOM O' THIS!

HIM STEAL-UM BELT BELONG-UM MY FAMILY!

THAT'S A LIE!.. I PAID FER IT!

I PAID THE KID FER IT AN' GIVE 'IM A RECEIPT T' BOOT!

HE CHEAT-UM MY SON! GIVE-UM BOY **TWO-BITS** FOR SILVER BELT!

LOOKS LIKE THIS CAN BE SETTLED EASY, TALL BULL! JUST BUY THE BELT BACK FROM SNOPES!

THAT'S WHAT I TOL' HIM, SHERIFF!

HIM SAY COST-UM ME ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BUY-UM BELT! ME NO GOT!

A HUNDRED DOLLARS!

THAT'S RIGHT!

I AIN'T IN BUSINESS FOR MY HEALTH! I CAN GET A HUNDRED DOLLARS EASY FROM THE TOURISTS!

OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN TRICKS!

WHY, THE SKUNK! HE OUGHTA BE STRUNG UP!

IT'S LEGAL AND YOU CAIN'T DO A THING TO ME! NOW LEAVE ME BE!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO, SNOPES, BUT IF I EVER KETCH YOU IN A DEAL THAT AIN'T LEGAL, YOU'LL GIT THE WORKS!

SORRY, TALL BULL! THERE'S NOTHIN' I CAN DO!

TALL BULL HEAP SAD! SILVER BELT BELONG-UM TO GRANDFATHER!

ME MAD WITH MISTER SNOPES!

COME, LITTLE BEAVER! YOU NO BUY-UM HAT FROM MISTER SNOPES!

STOP PULL-UM ME, PO-KO! ME WATCH SNOPES, MAYBE GET-UM IDEA!

VESSIR! THAT'LL BE THREE DOLLARS EVEN!

INDIA CURIO

LOOK, PO-KO! MISTER SNOPES CARRY-UM MONEY IN COATTAILS!

NOW, SEE HERE, LITTLE BEAVER! YOU NOT GONNA STEAL-UM, EVEN FROM MISTER SNOPES!

YOU TALK-UM SILLY! COME ON, WE FIND-UM TALL BULL!

ALL RIGHT! BUT TALL BULL'S HEART HEAVY! HE NOT GOOD COMPANY!

TALL BULL, WAIT! WE WANT-UM RIDE WITH YOU!

YOU NO FEEL SAD LONG, ME BETCH-UM! ME GOT PLAN TO GET-UM SILVER BELT BACK!

TALL BULL GOT-UM PLAN, TOO! HE COME BACK TONIGHT, TAKE-UM BELT!

AI! THAT PLAN NO GOOD! YOU GET-UM PUT IN CALABOOSE!

ME WANT-UM BORROW GOLD NUGGET YOU WEAR AROUND NECK, TALL BULL!

TALL BULL WEAR THIS FOR GOOD MEDICINE! NOW ALL MEDICINE BAD, SO YOU TAKE-UM LITTLE BEAVER!

ME THINK STILL MAKE-UM GOOD MEDICINE, TALL BULL!

NOW YOU LISTEN... THIS WHAT WE DO-UM TO GET BACK SILVER BELT!

YOU KIDS GET OUTA HERE! BUSINESS IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOJT YOU CLUTTERIN' UP THE PLACE!

WE GOT-UM SOMETHING TO SPEND, MAYBE!

CURIOS

BILL

BILL

WE FIND-UM GOLD NUGGET!

YOU TAKE-UM LOOK, TELL-UM IF THIS REAL GOLD!

EH? GOLD?

WHERE'D THIS COME FROM?

OH, THERE PLENTY MORE IN BADGER CREEK!

BADGER CREEK! WHAT PART?

IN GRAVEL BAR AT PLACE WHERE BIG TREE BLOW DOWN!

GRAVEL BAR HAVE PLENTY NUGGETS!

HMM! JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! THIS HERE IS FOOL'S GOLD AND PLUMB WUTHLESS!

TOO BAD! ME HOPE-UM BUY PO-KO PRESENT!

COME ON, PO-KO! WE GET PONIES AND GO HOME!

ME KEEP-UM NUGGET TO PLAY WITH!

THEM STUPID INJUNS! THEY'VE FOUND A BLASTED FORTUNE AN' DON'T KNOW IT! I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST BEFORE SOMEBODY ELSE SEES THAT NUGGET!

THAT GRAVEL BAR IS ON OL' TALL BULL'S PROPERTY! HE'D HAVE ME JAILED FOR SURE IF I WAS TO GET CAUGHT TRESPASSING!

BUT IF THERE'S NUGGETS LIKE THAT ONE LYIN' 'ROUND, I'LL SHORE TAKE A CHANCE! BESIDES, IT'LL BE ALONG TOWARDS DARK BY THE TIME I GET THERE!

NOT A SOUL AROUND! SNOPES, THIS IS YORE LUCKY DAY!

I'LL SNEAK OUT EVERY NIGHT UNTIL THE BAR PETERS OUT, AN' NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER!

AI! IT GOOD THING WE HURRY! SNOPES NOT LOSE-UM ANY TIME LOOK-UM FOR GOLD!

BETTER PEEL OFF MY COAT AFORE I START, SO'S IT WON'T GET MUDDY!

NO TRESPASSING

GET-UM READY, TALL BULL! THIS GOOD TIME FOR WAR WHOOP!

JUMPIN' BULLFROGS!

BANG! BANG! WAHOO! YIP! YIP! PPEE!

NO TRESPASSING

WAHOO! WAHOO!

AI! ME HOPE-UM FORGET-UM COAT, BUT HE FORGET-UM EVERYTHING!

NO TRESPASSING

WHEW! THAT'S AS CLOSE AS I EVER WANT TO COME TO GETTIN' SHOT!

MY COAT! I LEFT MY COAT WITH ALL THAT MONEY IN IT!

NEXT MORNING...

ME COME LIKE YOU SAY, LITTLE BEAVER!

GOOD! NOW WE FIND-UM SHERIFF NEWT!

Y' MEAN SOME SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS WUZ PROSPECTIN' RIGHT ON YOUR RANCH?

AI! HE RUN WHEN TALL BULL F.RE GUN! HE LEAVE THIS!

HMM-M! ARE YOU THINKIN' THE SAME THING I AM?

WANTED

ME THINK-UM THAT COAT LOOK LIKE ONE BELONG-UM MISTER SNOPES!

MONEY? WELL I'LL BE DADBLAMED! MAYBE WE'D BETTER PAY A CALL ON SNOPES!

STORE

CAFE

HAI, MISTER MIKE AND MISTER RED! WE GO SEE-UM MISTER SNOPES!

IT GONNA BE HEAP FUN! WHY YOU NO COME-UM ALONG?

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YEAH... MAYBE THE SHERIFF'S GOT SOMETHIN' ON SNOPES AT LAST!

COME ON, JOE!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU FELLERS, BUT I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS!

GOOD MORNIN', GENTS! WHAT...

THIS YORE COAT, SNOPES?

ER...A... WHY, NO, IT AIN'T, SHERIFF! WHY?

GOOD THING IT AIN'T, SNOPES! IF WE FIND THE VARMINT THAT OWNS IT, HE'S GOIN' T' JAIL FOR A GOOD LONG SPELL! HE'S A TRESPASSER!

NO, SIR, 'TAIN'T MY COAT...ER...

THEN THIS MONEY AIN'T YOURN, EITHER! I RECKON TALL BULL HAS THE MOST RIGHT TO IT!

INDIAN BLANK

NOW TALL BULL BUY BACK SILVER BELT!

YOU HEARD 'IM, SNOPES! GET THAT BELT OUT HERE QUICK!

ER...YES ...SURE, SHERIFF!

STILL GOT MONEY LEFT! WHAT TALL BULL DO NOW, SHERIFF NEWT?

GO AHEAD AND SPEND IT, TALL BULL! EASY COME, EASY GO, I ALLUS SAY!

AN' AS LONG AS EVERYBODY'S HAPPY, I RECKON I'LL DROP THE CASE!

CURIO

LITTLE BEAVER

by FRED HARMAN

ANOTHER STAGECOACH HOLDUP, THE THIRD ONE IN A MONTH! IT'S MAKIN' ME NERVOUS AS A CAT!

STICK-UM UP!

YEEK!

YEEK!

PO-KO AND LITTLE BEAVER! I'VE A GOOD NOTION TO SKIN YOU BOTH! OF ALL THE TRICKS TO PLAY ON A BODY!

SCARING A POOR OLD WOMAN OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH! NOW CLEAR OUT OF HERE AND DON'T BOTHER ME ANY MORE TODAY!

BUT WE NO GOT-UM ANYTHING TO DO! SINCE STAGE GET-UM ROBBED, IT NOT FUN TO VISIT YOU...YOU KEEP-UM US INSIDE ALL THE TIME!

OW!

WELL, IF YOU'LL BE CAREFUL. YOU CAN GO FISHING UP TO CHATTERBIRD CREEK! TELL LING LEE TO FIX YOU SOME LUNCH, AND BE BACK BY THREE O'CLOCK, UNDERSTAND?

HAI-YA! NOW WE GET-UM SOMEWHERE, EH, PO-KO?

YOU DIG WORMS FOR BAIT, I GO TELL-UM LING LEE!

ONE HOUR LATER...

LOOK, LITTLE BEAVER! BLUE CHATTERBIRD GONNA STEAL-UM BAIT!

GO CHASE-UM 'WAY! WE NOT BRING ENOUGH WORMS FOR CHATTERBIRD!

SHOO! SHOO! GO DIG-UM OWN WORMS, LAZY ROBBER!

HEY! HIM SPILL-UM BASKET! RUN FAST, PO-KO, OR IT ROLL IN CREEK!

CHEE CHEE

OH ME, OH ME! LUNCH ALL GONE, BAIT ALL GONE!

BAD CHATTERBIRD NO CAN HAVE LUNCH, SO HE THROW-UM IN CREEK! NOW WE NO GOT-UM, EITHER!

KEEP-UM QUIET, BIRD-IN-MANGER, OR ME SHOOT-UM YOU WITH ARROW AND HAVE ROAST CHATTER-BIRD FOR LUNCH!

CHEE CHEE

HAI-EE, LITTLE BEAVER! ME JUST REMEMBER SOMETHING!

ME REMEMBER OLD MILL WHERE LONG TIME AGO AUNTIE DUCHESS GET-UM CORN GROUND! IT HAVE BIG APPLE TREE IN YARD! WE GO PICK-UM APPLES, EH?

AI! AND MAYBE FIND-UM BAITWORMS IN SOFT DIRT UNDER MILLWHEEL! LET'S GO!

TREE HAVE PLENTY RED APPLES! WE HEAP LUCKY!

I HELP YOU PICK APPLES, PO-KO! MAYBE FIND-UM BAIT SOME OTHER PLACE!

ME KNOW / YOU 'FRAID TO GO INSIDE BECAUSE OLD MILL HAVE FACE LIKE BAD SPIRIT!

LITTLE BEAVER NOT 'FRAID OF ANYTHING / BUT MAYBE TOO DARK INSIDE! MAYBE DIG, BUT NO CAN SEE WORMS!

COME ON, 'FRAIDY CAT / POKO GO FIRST!

WAIT / ME GO FIRST / BUT ME GOT FUNNY FEELING LIKE MAYBE SOMETHING NOT RIGHT!

CHEE CHEE

WHOOOEEE!

AI-YAI!

OLD CHATTERBIRD SCARE US LIKE WE SCARE AUNTIE DUCHESS / NOW ME NO GOT-UM FUNNY FEELING ANY MORE!

CHEE CHEE

GOOD / NOW WE GO INSIDE OLD MILL AND DIG-UM FISH WORMS!

THIS WHERE CORNMEAL SPILL WHEN MILL GRIND CORN / GOOD PLACE FOR WORMS!

CHEE CHEE

DIRT PLENTY SOFT, TOO, BUT ME HURT HAND ON SHARP ROCK / AI-EE!

LITTLE BEAVER, THAT NO ROCK / WE FIND OLD BURIED TREASURE!

WE FIND-UM TREASURE, BUT IT NOT OLD / THIS MONEY BOX BELONG-UM STAGECOACH!

LOOK! ALL THREE BOXES ARE HERE! PO-KO, WE FIND-UM HIDING PLACE OF STAGE ROBBER!

ME SCARED! MAYBE WE BETTER GO QUICK! TELL AUNTIE DUCHESS!

FIRST, WE TAKE BOXES OUTSIDE AND HIDE-UM AGAIN, SO IF ROBBER COME BACK HE NO FIND!

UGH! BOX PLENTY HEAVY!

PUT IT DOWN AN' C'MERE!

YA!

CHEE CHEE

ULP!

OF ALL THE TIMES FOR A PAIR OF MEDDLESOME INDIAN BRATS TO COME STUMBLIN' IN HERE! I OUGHTA KNOCK YOU BOTH ON THE HEAD! GIT UP THEM STEPS AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

OW! TAKE-UM EASY!

THIS RUINS THE NICEST LITTLE GAME I EVER SAT IN ON, AN' THAT'S A FACT! BUT MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL I QUIT NOW, WHILE I'M AHEAD! I'LL PULL OUT AFTER DARK WITH WHAT I HAVE!

WHEN SHERIFF POSSE COME, YOU BE PLENTY SORRY, YOU BETCH-UM.

CHEE CHEE

SHUT UP! AIN'T NOBODY GONNA FIND YOU UNTIL I'M ACROSS THE BORDER AN' IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU TO BLAB ON ME!

CHEE CHEE

GET AWAY FROM HERE, YOU BLASTED NOISEMAKER! YOU'LL BRING THE WHOLE DURN COUNTRY-SIDE DOWN HERE!

CHEE CHEE ARWK!

I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE FER A SHORT SPELL WHILST I GO UP IN THE WOODS AND FETCH DOWN MY HOSSES! IF I HEAR ONE PEEP OUT OF YUH, I'LL CUT YER LIVERS OUT, UNNERSTAND?

WE KEEP-UM QUIET, MISTER BANDIT!

SUN'S SETTIN' NOW! IT'LL BE DARK ENOUGH TO TRAVEL IN ANOTHER HOUR, AN' I OUGHTA BE IN... OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT?

HALLOO! LITTLE BEAVER! HALLOO, PO-KO!

HO! COMEE HOME, KIDS! SUPPER ALL LEDDY COLD!

HO!

SOMEONE LOOKIN' FER THOSE BLASTED KIDS! GOTTA MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CALL OUT!

HURRY, HURRY, PO-KO! ROBBER BE COMING BACK PRETTY SOON!

ME TRY TO HURRY! OTHER HAND NO COME LOOSE EASY! MAYBE CUT-UM ROPE WITH SHARP EDGE OF CAN!

SHH! PO-KO, QUICK! PUT-UM HAND BACK INSIDE ROPES SO ROBBER NOT KNOW YOU GET-UM LOOSE!

LISTEN! ME HEAR AUNTIE DUCHESS CALL!

SOMEONE'S HEADED THIS WAY LOOKIN' FER YOU BRATS, SO GET THIS STRAIGHT! JUST ONE LITTLE SOUND FROM EITHER OF YOU AN' YOU'VE DRAWN YOUR LAST BREATH! I'LL BE RIGHT HERE CLOSE, WHERE I CAN REACH YOU!

LING, I'M WORRIED SICK! IT'S GETTIN' DARK AN' WE AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF 'EM! YOU CHASE BACK TO THE RANCH AND GET ALL THE BOYS UP HERE FAST TO HELP US HUNT!

I GO! GETTEE UPPEE, CONFUCIOUS!

WHILE HE'S GONE, I'LL HAVE A LOOK IN HERE, THOUGH WHAT THEM KIDS WOULD BE DOING IN THIS SPOOKY PLACE IS BEYOND ME!

THEY'RE COMIN' IN! IF THEY SEE ME, I'LL SHOOT MY WAY OUT OR DIE TRYIN'!

YOO-HOO! PO-KO! LITTLE BEAVER!

ONLY ONE, AND A FEMALE AT THAT! MAYBE I'LL GET OUT OF THIS, AFTER ALL!

WE BETTER CALL OR AUNTIE DUCHESS NOT KNOW WE HERE!

SHHHH! BE QUIET AS MOUSE OR ROBBER SHOOT AUNTIE DUCHESS AND US, TOO! YOU KEEP ON CUT-UM ROPE WITH BEAN CAN!

NOTHIN' BUT A PILE OF OLD JUNK UP THERE! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A BODY PLUMB DISTRACTED THE WAY THEM KIDS HAVE DISAPPEARED!

ME FINISH CUT-UM THROUGH ROPE!

AI! ME CAN MOVE ARM NOW! GIVE-UM CAN TO ME!

I BETTER MOSEY ALONG AND HEAD OFF THE BOYS BEFORE THEY GET HERE!

YOU WATCH-UM ROBBER, PO-KO. YOU TELL IF HE LOOK-UM UP HERE!

HE LOOK-UM OUT DOOR NOW, LITTLE BEAVER!

GOOD! KEEP ON WATCH-UM! ME GONNA TRY THROW CAN OUT WINDOW TO AUNTIE DUCHESS, SO SHE KNOW WE HERE AND ROBBER, TOO!

BE CAREFUL! ROBBER COME UP STEPS NOW!

GOT TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER! THEM KIDS HAVE BEEN LOST BEFORE AN' NO HARM DONE! BUT WITH A STAGE BANDIT RUNNIN' AROUND LOOSE...

CHEE

PLINK

...I CAN'T HELP WORRYIN'!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT FOOL JAYBIRD HAS FOUND?

GIMME

PLINK PLINK

A HALF-HOUR LATER...

RECKON BEFORE I GO, I'LL ADD TO THEM ROPES! DON'T WANT YOU NOSY INJUNS GETTIN' LOOSE AN' GIVIN' ME AWAY! IF YOU STARVE TO DEATH, IT AIN'T NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE!

YOU'VE SAWED THIS ROPE IN TWO! BLAST YOU INFERNAL SNEAKS! I'LL SHOW YOU I MEAN BUSINESS!

REACH FOR THE ROOF, YOU MANGY COYOTE!

WHEN I SAY REACH, I MEAN REACH! GO GET HIM, BOYS!

PO-KO! LITTLE BEAVER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

BLAM

ME ALL RIGHT BUT ME GONNA CRY NOW!

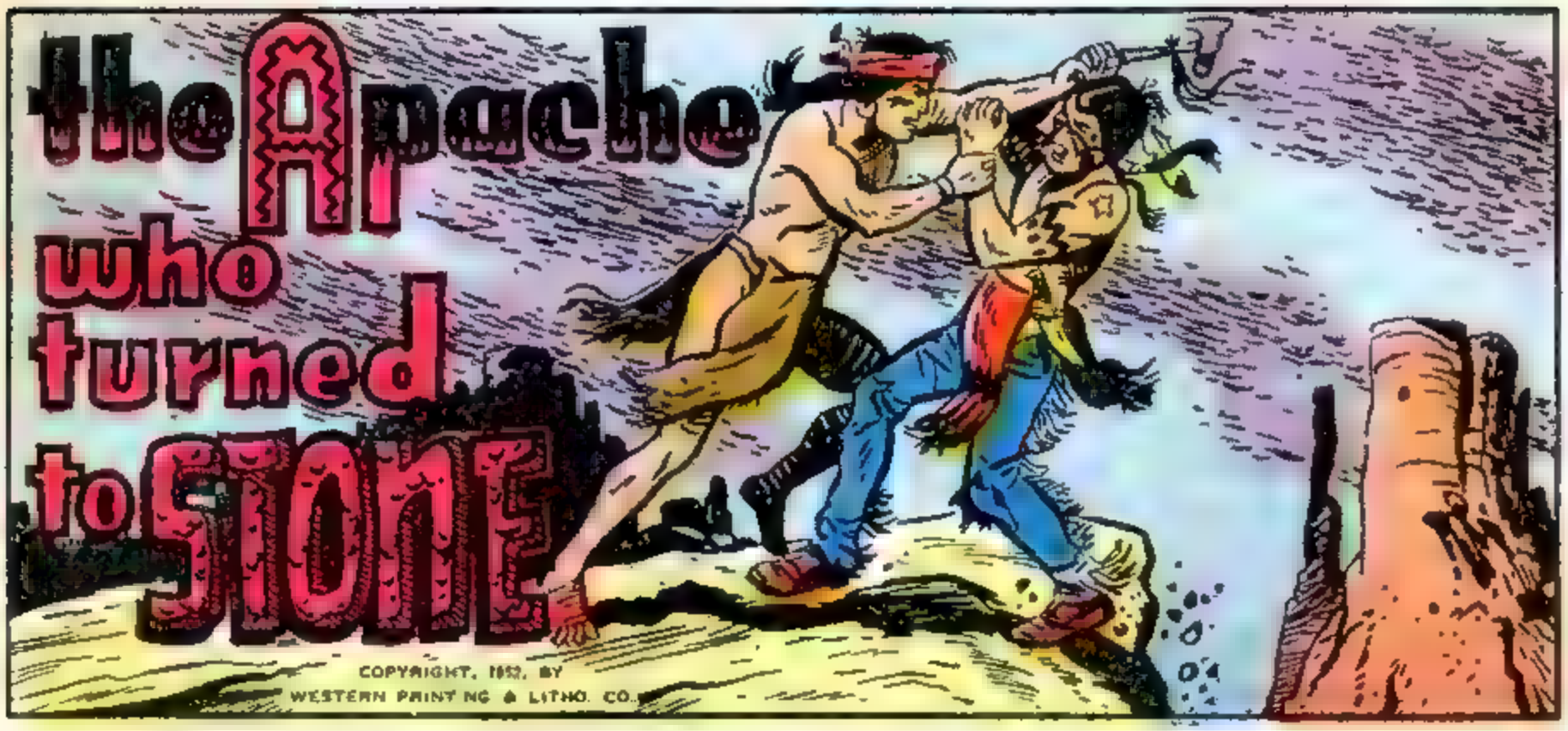
ME THINK YOU NOT GET-UM MESSAGE, AUNTIE DUCHESS!

I SURE WOULDN'T HAVE FOUND THAT CAN IF THAT NOISY JAYBIRD HADN'T FOUND IT FIRST!

HIM DO US GOOD TURN, AFTER ALL! ME GLAD ME NO SHOOT-UM AND ROAST-UM!

CHEE CHEE

BLAP



Remembering their conversation of the afternoon, the boy looked up inquiringly at his mother.

"Now!" she whispered, nodding encouragement.

The boy took a deep breath. Then, edging up to the fire, he stood there quietly for a few moments, awaiting recognition.

The Chief, a middle-aged man of broad face and grey hair, battle scars still prominent among the sun-wrinkles on his cheeks, finally looked up and indicated that his son might speak.

"Father," the boy asked, "am I not old enough to be told the story of my name?"

Suddenly embarrassed by the bluntness of his question, he added hesitantly, "If, of course, your head is not filled with problems of our tribe!"

The Chief's eyes studied his son's hard, lithe frame, the muscles of his arms and legs, the proud tilt of his chin.

"Yes, my son," he murmured, his mouth stretching into a rare, loving smile. "You are old enough. I see manhood in your body, in your face, in your eyes." He patted the earth beside him. "Sit here . . . and listen!"

As the boy settled down beside him, the Chief turned back to the fire, staring into the flames, staring into the misty past.

"Many summers ago," he began, "our friends of today, the Wallapais, were our enemies. We were at war. And when our Chief fell in a Wallapai ambush, the Council named me as War Chief of our Apache tribe."

His shoulders straightened. "I was young then, young and already wise in the ways of warfare. But, just two moons after becoming Chief, I had to face the deadliest battle of my life!

"All my warriors had ridden off to the east that day, to meet Wallapais threatening from that direction. I intended to join them before another sunset. But, first, I had to visit the Great White Mountain to the North. Our scout there had failed to report. I wanted to know why.

"Just before sundown I heard noises of a camp up ahead, and dismounted at once to investigate. It was a Wallapai war party, gathered around a ceremonial fire, dancing!

"Sneaking close enough to see the tattoos on their bodies, and the red, yellow and black war paint on their faces, I learned why our scout had failed to report — he was dead! This was a Wallapai scalp dance!

"But, still worse, I realized these same Wallapais were headed south, along the very trail I had just traveled. By sundown the next day they would reach our main village — a village filled only with a few wounded braves, helpless squaws, old men, babies and children, completely defenseless!

"I knew then what I must do . . .

"Withdrawing quietly, disturbing not a single pebble, I crept back to my horse and rode off into the night. By the time the moon came up I had reached my destination, a

ledge just across the canyon from the dancing Wallapais.

"Then, shouting at the top of my voice, I identified myself as the Apaches' chief and began a tirade of insults.

"If the Wallapais were boys, not men, I yelled, they would ride on safely along that trail and find no Apaches and return home to their mothers. But, I added, if they were men, not boys, they would come to our stronghold in the West and give battle.

"I insulted them, their fathers, and their fathers' fathers... I called them names no man, let alone a warrior, can endure... I taunted them into anger as wild as that of a tortured rattlesnake, anger without reason!

"Finally, their fury became so heated that, even while I stood there hurling insults, they broke camp and started after me!

"The darkness, the canyon, and my own knowledge of the country gave me almost a full day's lead. And, because of that lead, I was able to get my sleep while the Wallapais were still on the trail. Whenever they neared my camp, I was ready to start out again, my horse and I both refreshed — while the enemy could go no farther without pause for rest.

"The pace was such, however, that my horse soon died of over-exertion. But the Wallapai mounts suffered, too. By the fifth day they were afoot, like I!

"Their leader realized by then that I had led them astray, like a decoy. But his anger was so strong that now he was determined to chase me into my grave.

"Knowing this, I prepared for a chase unto Death. I stripped to my buckskin breechclout. I threw away my bow, my quiver of arrows, my blanket. My only weapon was my knowledge of the land — and my training as an Apache.

"I wore out my long-legged moccasins, the kind you do not see today, my son; they turned up at the toes, with a shield which protected my feet from stones and cholla cactus. As I say, they wore out! I ate rabbits, mice, rats, birds, coyotes. I ruined springs so the Wallapais could not use them. I sucked pebbles to quench my thirst when there were no springs. Often I camped on the side of cliffs so steep no one but another Apache would think of looking for me there. I grew thin and gaunt.

"I started landslides to kill some of my pursuers and hurled boulders on others. Many of the Wallapais, discouraged with this deadly hunt for one Apache, deserted the war party and turned back. But the others pushed on, thirsty for my blood.

"Then, late one afternoon, on a cliff high above an angry river far to the west of here, they trapped me!

"Their advance scout found me first. And, after signaling to the others, he attacked with knife and tomahawk. I was wounded in the arm. But I managed to throw him over the cliff.

"Then, searching that barren cliff-top for a hiding place, surrounded on all three sides by approaching Wallapais, I found a Navaho blanket. I think it probably belonged to the scout, who had taken it in battle and discarded it just before he rushed me."

The Chief paused in his story and shrugged his shoulders. "Naturally, it saved my life!

"The Wallapais, unable to find me, decided their scout and I had fallen over the cliff in a death-struggle. And they headed back for their own country. My own life and those of my people in the village were spared!"

Impatiently, the boy waited for an explanation of how the Chief's life had been saved by an old Navaho blanket. But his Father, apparently finished with his tale, sat staring into the fire without another word.

"But," the boy began, "how — ??"

"The Navaho blanket," his father interrupted, smiling now, pleased with his teasing, "is coarse and fuzzy, the color of grey stone.

"So," he continued, "I hid under that blanket, after sprinkling it with sand and arranging the folds to look like those of a big rock!"

He turned to face the boy for the first time, his smile broad. "That is why, to this day, I am known to all Apaches as Chief Grey Rock. And, my son, that is the story of why you are called Little Grey Rock!"

The MARRIAGE of WHITE ELK'S GHOST

ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON IN THE SIOUX COUNTRY OF THE FAR WEST...

I AM HAPPY, WHITE ELK... BUT AFRAID!

AFRAID? WHY? TOMORROW WE WILL BE MAN AND WIFE!

EVEN NOW, MY RELATIVES PREPARE GIFTS FOR YOUR FAMILY! AND MY FATHER WILL GIVE AWAY FIVE SPOTTED HORSES IN THE VILLAGE!

I KNOW..

BUT I AM AFRAID OF CROOKED NOSE! I FEAR HIM AS I FEAR THE SNAKE!

HIM? HIS BACKBONE IS MADE OF WATER!

NO, WHITE ELK! HE IS JEALOUS AND FULL OF DEVILS! HE...

NEW MOON? NEW MOON?

MY GRANDMOTHER CALLS!

TILL TOMORROW, NEW MOON. AND REMEMBER..

WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM CROOKED NOSE!

AUGHH!

LOVE HAS MADE YOU CARELESS, MY RIVAL!

AND, INSTEAD OF NEW MOON, YOU SHALL HAVE ANOTHER FOR YOUR BRIDE . . . DEATH!

LATER, AS WHITE ELK REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS..

MMMFF! CROOKED NOSE!

THESE ROPES . . ? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ?

ARRANGING YOUR DEPARTURE FROM THIS EARTH, WHITE ELK!

WHAT EVIL GAME IS THIS, CROOKED NOSE ?

A DEADLY GAME, MY HANDSOME RIVAL.. AND SOON IT WILL START!

BY THE TIME I AM BACK IN THE VILLAGE, ABOVE SUSPICION, THE CANDLE FLAME WILL DRY AND STRETCH THAT WET BUCKSKIN THONG AS TIGHT AS A BOWSTRING!

TIGHT ENOUGH TO PULL THAT TRIGGER.. AND SEND YOU OFF TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!

NEW MOON WAS RIGHT! YOU ARE FILLED WITH JEALOUS DEVILS, CROOKED NOSE..! BUT YOU WILL BE FOUND OUT!

THE WHITE TRAPPER WHO LIVES HERE WILL . . .

HA! HE WILL NOT BE BACK FOR MANY DAYS!

BUT WHOEVER FINDS MY BODY AND THIS GUN-TRAP WILL KNOW THAT YOU . .

WHOEVER FINDS YOU, WHITE ELK, WILL FIND ONLY ASHES!

IT WILL LOOK AS THOUGH YOU BROKE INTO THE WHITE MAN'S CABIN TO **STEAL** . . STARTED A FIRE ACCIDENTALLY, AND BURNED UP!

BUT, HOW..?

AND NEW MOON'S FATHER, WHO ADMIRES YOU BUT ALSO ADMIRES MY HORSES, MAY CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT HAVING CROOKED NOSE FOR A SON-IN-LAW!

NOW I WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE WARM ENOUGH FOR YOUR JOURNEY! FAREWELL, DOG!

YOU MAY MURDER ME, CROOKED NOSE..

BUT YOU WILL NEVER MARRY NEW MOON.. EVEN IF MY GHOST HAS TO STOP YOU!

THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR BODY, WHITE ELK.. AND YOUR GHOST!

SHORTLY..

YOU SAW THE SMOKE YOURSELF, O CHIEF! IT MUST BE THE WHITE TRAPPER'S CABIN!

IT IS!.. BUT WHO OF MY TRIBE WOULD DO THIS?

PERHAPS SOME BRAVE WHO BROKE IN TO STEAL...

LOOK!

BUT HE IS A..GHOST!

WHITE ELK!

AIEEEE!

IT IS .. WHITE ELK! HIS GHOST .. HE SAID HE WOULD TRY TO..

HE COMES CLOSER!

AIE-EEE!

WAIT!

YES, I AM THE GHOST OF WHITE ELK! BUT I COME NOT TO HARM YOU.., I COME ONLY TO HEAR YOU, CROOKED NOSE, CONFESS! **CONFESS!** OR I..

SPARE ME! YES, I KILLED YOU, WHITE ELK! I SET FIRE TO THE CABIN, TO BURN YOUR BODY! BUT SPARE ME! **SPARE ME!**

WHAT? ONE OF MY WARRIORS IS A **MURDERER?** THE COUNCIL WILL DEAL WITH YOU, CROOKED NOSE!

AND YOUR FINE HORSES SHALL BE DIVIDED EVENLY BETWEEN THE WHITE MAN AND WHITE ELK'S FAMILY!

RETURN TO OUR ANCESTORS, O GHOST OF WHITE ELK! JUSTICE WILL BE DONE! DO NOT HARM US...

I AM NO GHOST, MY CHIEF!

FEEL! IS THAT THE ARM OF A GHOST?

N-NO! YOU ARE **ALIVE**, WHITE ELK! BUT WHY?

ALIVE? BUT I LEFT YOU..?

YOU THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING, CROOKED NOSE.. EVERYTHING BUT NEW MOON!

YOU SEE, THIS CLEARING WAS OUR FAVORITE TRYSTING PLACE! AND WHEN NEW MOON SAW THE SMOKE FROM HERE, SHE RACED UP..

"..AND, SEEING ME THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR, RUSHED INSIDE JUST IN TIME TO SAVE ME FROM YOUR GUN-TRAP!"

THE GUN, NEW MOON! MOVE THE GUN!

BLAM

BUT..YOUR SKIN..IT IS THAT OF A GHOST! AND, NEW MOON..

THERE! THERE SHE IS!

YES, CROOKED NOSE, SHE IS HERE! AS FOR THIS GHOSTLY WHITE.. I FOUND IT IN THE TRAPPER'S FOOD CELLAR..FLOUR!

IT SEEMED THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE YOU CONFESS AND THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE SURE NEW MOON AND I LIVE IN PEACE THE REST OF OUR LIVES!

INDIAN HUNTERS

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The Indian hunter is a master of woodcraft. All the ways of wild things are known to him. He knows and can imitate their calls. He can slip along a trail on moccasined feet with the wariness and stealth of a fox and he possesses the deer's keen sensitivity to sounds and danger. His piercing black eyes miss nothing.

These skills are not hereditary–he acquires them in the "school" of the wilds. The Indian boy goes into the woods, or out on the plains, to spend long, patient hours in the study of wildlife, just as the white boy studies school books.

When he returns to his home in the evening, he must recall all that he has seen and heard, and his mistakes are noted and corrected. Thus, he prepares himself to become a great hunter, so that his tepee will always have meat for food and skins for clothing.

By council fires at night, the Indian elders recall the great buffalo hunts of the past. In those days, the hunt was preceded by rituals. A sacred buffalo skull was placed on the plains, facing the camp, to charm herds in that direction.

After the hunt, the skull was turned another direction, but it was watched and protected until the next hunt.

PO-KO

LITTLE BEAVER GONE TODAY--- ME LONESOME!

THEN GO MAKE-UM NEW FRIENDS---ME TOO BUSY TO MAKE TALK- CHATTER!

TRED HARMAN

IDEA

ME WILL! FOOD IN HUNGRY TUMMIES MAKE-UM MANY FRIENDS!

ARE YOU PO-KO'S FRIENDS, NOW?

OINK!

OINK!

EAT-UM PLENTY! YOU MY FRIENDS!

MOO-O!

MA-A-A!

HEY, SKUNKY! PO-KO'S HANDIN' OUT FREE FOOD!

BUT WILL SHE FEED **ME**?

OF COURSE PO-KO WILL FEED YOU--- SHE'S MAKING NEW FRIENDS!

THEN WHAT AM I WAITIN' FOR?

NOW ME **REALLY** LONESOME--- MAKE-UM ONE FRIEND TOO MANY!